

The Evening World.

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STUPIDITY OVERRULED.

THE people of New York are to lose none of the benefits of the public school lectures which were started years ago through the efforts of The Evening World.

When the Aldermen cut in half the usual appropriation for these lectures this newspaper promptly voiced the protests of thousands of persons who have enjoyed and profited by them.

The Mayor will veto the action of the Aldermen. As the motion to reduce the appropriation passed the Board only by a bare majority there is no chance of securing the two-thirds majority necessary to overcome the Mayor's veto.

With his veto the Mayor should send a message making plain once and for all how the city feels toward this admirable educational opportunity which packs the schoolrooms throughout the season with crowds of people who, much as they may like moving pictures, like still better a chance to listen and learn.

The lectures are safe for next year. It is a pity that they should ever have to be at the mercy of Aldermen whose idea of economy is to find money for municipal extravagance by pooh-poohing and stinting the public's instinct for self-improvement.

After months of bread and water Wall Street is on its best behavior. The first square meal finds it cheerful but chastened.

WHY NOT FIVE-CENT BUSES?

THE motor omnibus having shown how much it can add to comfort and convenience in getting about the city, New Yorkers are ready for more.

Harlem is clamoring for buses. The Harlem Board of Commerce has induced a bus company to extend its service on St. Nicholas Avenue, Seventh Avenue, Riverside Drive and Cathedral Parkway. Buildings to the value of \$3,000,000 are said to have been erected along this route as a result of improved bus service.

Mid-Manhattan wants more buses, particularly to carry people east and west. The company which operates the Fifth Avenue line yesterday started a crosstown service from First Avenue west through Seventy-second Street, south down Fifth Avenue, west again through Fifty-seventh Street to Broadway and north on Broadway to Seventy-second Street.

The Franchise Bureau of the Board of Estimate is at work this month on elaborate plans to develop bus service throughout the city.

Two years ago The Evening World predicted that New Yorkers would acquire the bus habit with a rapidity that would revolutionize surface transportation in the upper sections of Manhattan, where the avenues are especially fitted for bus service. Already companies are eagerly seeking new franchises to cover this district.

Meanwhile the public makes generous use of the buses and pays thousands of times daily to ride in them.

In view of the value of the franchises and the certainty of steadily increasing patronage, why should it cost ten cents to ride in a motor bus in New York a distance that would cost but two cents on a similar bus in London?

Before the city hands out any more precious permits for the use of the streets it should insist upon a flat five-cent bus fare or rates varying with distance. New York is far too careless as to what it gets in return for the valuable street privileges it confers.

This year the Citizens' Union wants fewer Aldermen. Last year it wanted no Aldermen at all. Flattery for the present Board?

MODERNIZE THE ELEVATED.

THOROUGH investigation of operating methods sanctioned by Interborough officials on elevated lines is due the public.

If motormen are taught to run trains from the motor box of the third or fourth car, if local trains carry no signal lamps, if employees go unscathed when they take a chance with a broken-down motor—a chance that may involve the safety of a thousand passengers—then it is high time for people to know the full scandalous extent to which the Public Service Commission shuts its eyes, shirks its responsibilities and shoves over its duties.

Whatever criminal carelessness is revealed in every day railroad practices on the Interborough, however, two facts remain. The elevated will never be as safe as it ought to be—as safe as up-to-date knowledge can make it—until it has (1) steel cars throughout and (2) a block signal system.

Why lavish improvements and safety devices on the subway alone? If we are going to keep the elevated at all why not insist that it be safe according to the standards of this century, not last?

Hits From Sharp Wits

Those who walk in the straight and narrow path do not have to mend their ways.

A man will insist on drawing his own conclusions, he would never think of drawing the plans for his own house.—Deseret News.

Then, again, it is the fellow who goes fishing for compliments who gets the most rebuffs.—Pittsburgh Sun.

Now let all those who have insisted that charity begins at home come to the front.—Indianapolis Star.

There is usually a display of cour-

age in the absence of danger.—Nashville Banner.

But for the collar button's habit of rolling under the dresser some men would never get any exercise.

When a man comes to know how little he knows he is beginning to make progress toward acquiring knowledge.—Toledo Blade.

"Betting is a form of nervousness," says a doctor. Move to amend. It's a cause.

One never takes all the courses in the curriculum of the School of Experience.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

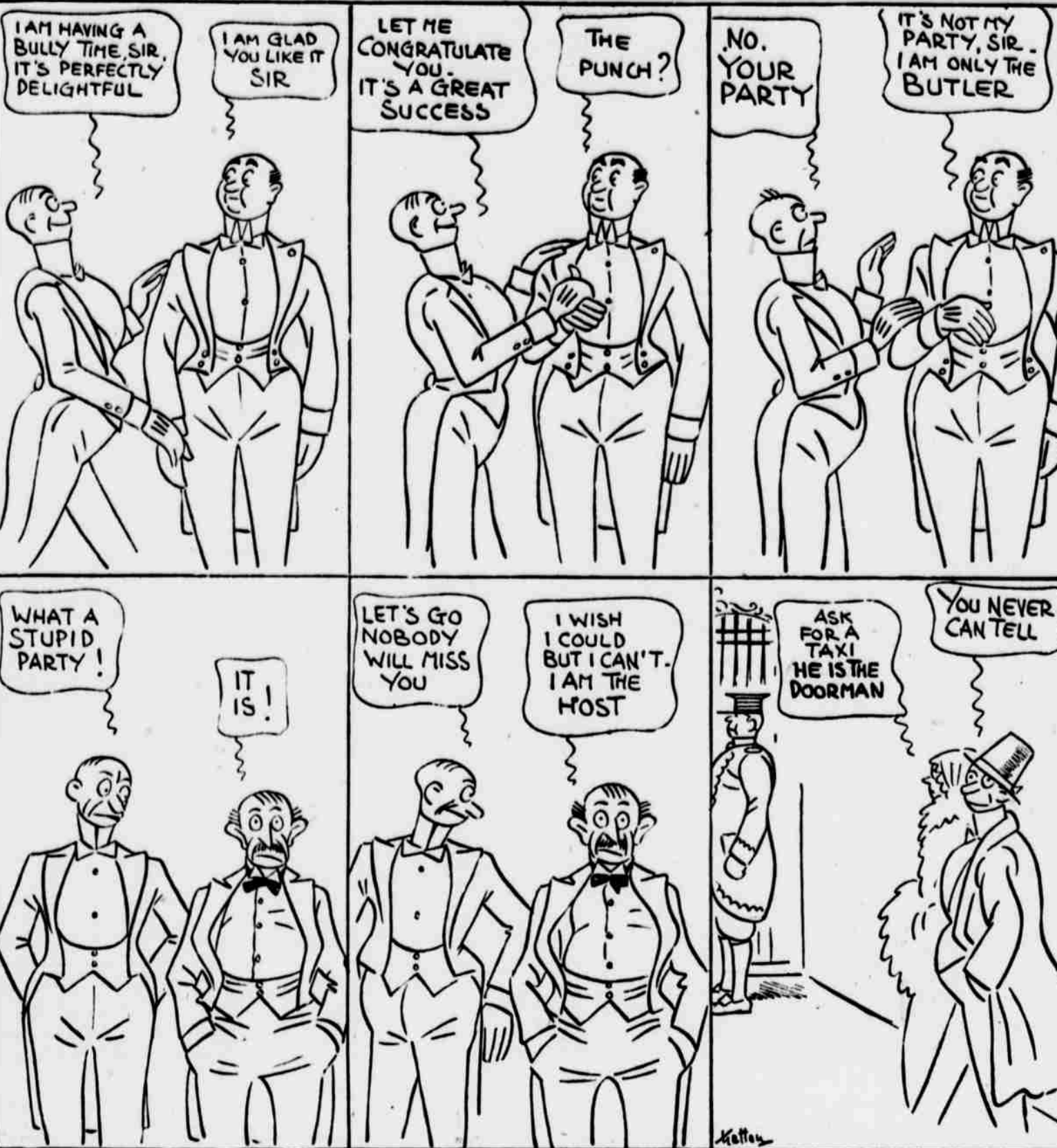
Letters From the People

S. F. C. A. for Brooklyn Bridge.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I would like to complain about the horses on the Brooklyn Bridge. There ought to be a S. F. C. A. man stationed on the bridge both

day and night. I have seen drivers put ropes around horses' necks to get them to "pull a heavy load, and attach same to the rear of another wagon. I have stopped them several times and have looked for a policeman, but to no avail.

You Never Can Tell

By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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WHEN the package addressed to Mr. Jarr arrived, marveled "Don't open till Christmas." Mrs. Jarr had just time to turn the supercilious Mr. Jarr could not see her, as he arrived at the door just as the delivery man was departing. "Been getting things for the kids?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Jarr. "It's just my old coat that I had downtown being remodeled." For the spirit of cheerful falsehood is abroad in the land in pre-holiday times.

Mr. Jarr kissed her and she hurried out to the dining room ahead of him and had time to warn the children and Gertrude, the light-running domestic, not to say who the package was for.

"Furthermore," Mrs. Jarr explained to the children, "Santa Claus has so much to do this year on account of the war in Europe that he is sending things to houses ahead of time. So we must lay aside all weak curiosity or idle inquisitiveness and be sure not even so much as to try to guess what is in a package that is marked 'Not to be opened till Christmas.'"

So saying she slipped into her bodice and put the package in the bottom of her closet, but not before she had lifted the veil—or rather shifted the wrapping so as to get some inside information as to what the package contained.

At the dinner table Master Willie so pointedly incited the wrath of his little sister by telling her there was no Santa Claus to bring dummies to good little girls that the little darling threw her scrambled eggs right at her brother.

So they were both sent from the table.

They walked away, wailing loudly, until they got outside their mother's

room. Then they slipped quietly inside and loosened the string and took a childish survey of what was in the package marked "Not to be Opened Till Christmas."

"Now, you BAD little children," cried Gertrude (who was much like you and me in that she improved her

manners and fashions. By Herbert Spencer. TITLES of address and modes of salutation, bearing about them, as they do, something of the servility which marks their origin, become distasteful in proportion as they become more independent themselves and sympathize more with the independence of others. The feeling which makes the modern gentleman tell the laborer standing barked before him to put on his hat, the feeling which gives us a dislike to those who cringe and fawn, the feeling which makes us alike assert our own dignity and respect that of others, the feeling which thus leads us more and more to discountenance all forms and names which confess inferiority and submission, is the same feeling which resists despotic power and inaugurates popular government and establishes the right of private judgment.

Another fact akin to the foregoing is that these several kinds of government not only decline together, but corrupt together. By the same process that a Court of Chancery becomes a place not for the administration of justice, but for the withholding of it; by this same process do titles and ceremonies that once had a meaning and a power become empty forms.

Courts of arms, which served to distinguish men in battle, now figure on the carriage panels of retired grocers. Once a badge of high military rank, the shoulder knot has become on the modern footman a high mark of servitude. The name "Bannet," which once marked a partly created "Baron," is now, under the modification of

titles, applicable to any one favored by wealth or interest or party feeling. Knighthood has so far ceased to be an honor that men now honor themselves by declining it. Not only do titles and crests and sashes cease to fulfill their original function, but the whole operation of social forms tends to become useless for its original purpose—the facilitation of social intercourse.

But it is in that class of social observations comprehended under the term Fashion that the process of corruption is seen with the greatest distinctness. As contrasted with manners which dictate our minor acts in relation to other persons, Fashion dictates our minor acts in relation to ourselves. While manners originate by imitation of the behavior of the great, while the one has its derivation in the titles, phrases and salutes used to those in power, the other is derived from those in power.

By and by, however, Fashion corrupting like these other forms of rule, being the result of an imitation of the best and becomes an imitation of quite other than the best. As those who take orders are not those having a special fitness for the priestly office but those who see their way to living by it, as legislators and public functionaries do not become such by virtue of their political insight and power to rule, so the selected clique who set the fashion gain this prerogative not by their force of nature, their intellect, their higher worth or better taste, but gain it solely by their unchecked assumption.

And thus life a la mode, instead of a life conducted in the most rational manner, is life regulated by spendthrifts and idlers, milliners and tailors, dandies and silly women.

A Whiff of Christmas Hits the Jarrs

Ten Days in Front of Schedule Time

It was Gertrude, the light running domestic, who caught them at their prying. Gertrude was aggrieved. She said so.

"Now, you BAD little children," cried Gertrude (who was much like you and me in that she improved her humble opportunities to deliver homilies). Shame on you two. Shame on you two. And right before Christmas. Don't you know this is the time when all little children should be good, kind, gentle Santa Claus comes down the chimney and whips them with switches and puts soap and pepper on their tongues, because Santa Claus loves little children."

Having thus impressed upon Master Willie Jarr and his little sister the tender side of Santa Claus's beautiful nature, Gertrude resumed her didactic. "And it is sneaky to look at things that are not yours, especially when you are told not to," continued she. "And it is very wrong and bad to tell lies. So you two run out of the room quietly, and I'll tie up the bundle so no one will ever notice it's been touched; and if your mamma suspects you I'll tell her you weren't near the room. And now run out, and I'll tie the bundle with my eyes shut, so I won't know what is in it!"

The children tiptoed out, and Gertrude examined the contents of the package like a customs inspector before tying it up again.

Mrs. Jarr remembered she had forgotten to lock her closet, and Mr. Jarr might chance upon the bundle and open and see what was coming to him Christmas.

But she needn't have worried. Mr. Jarr had tipped the delivery man at the bottom of the stairway to give him a private peep.

It was as he suspected, for he had asked everybody not to—Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith was sending him a fearful and wonderful example of that horrid apparatus that women buy to impose upon their men folks, a "Made in Germany" gimcrack smoking set!

It is these German atrocities that have turned the sympathies of so many American men to the allies.

Yet this jewel bedecked woman, with impressive features, SO SOLICITOUS ABOUT HER DOG that she could not leave it with servants while she attended an evening performance, sat stony and untouched when asked to give a wee mite to help some poor little human being.

All real humans encourage kindness to dumb brutes; and pet animals HAVE THEIR PLACE and their appeal. But when women forget the sweetness and stronger appeal of little children, and are deaf to the cry of their suffering, defenseless as they are—when women have lost

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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"OVE" is that strange illusion which makes a woman prefer sitting home and listening to one man's criticism to going out and listening to a lot of men's flattery.

If the stork has been superseded by the dog-fancier, and the darning needle by the typewriter, it may just possibly be because love-in-a-cottage has been superseded by the bachelor-flat.

Oh, yes, it's quite possible for a woman to be both a sweetheart and a wife to the same man—but not at the same time.

After five years of marriage, wearing all your best frills in order to fascinate your husband is about as effective as giving a moving picture show for the blind.

Marriages are like rarebits; each one is a brand new experiment; and no matter what your recipe, you never can tell the particular reason why it turns out smooth or crumbles to pieces.

Bachelor: A body of habits, bounded on the north by suspicion, on the south by egotism, on the east by indigestion and on the west by a doting mother.

A man's idea of displaying "resolution" appears to be first to find out what a woman wants him to do, and then to proceed "resolutely" not to do it.

Presence of mind in love making is a sure sign of absence of heart; no man begins to be serious until he begins to be foolish.

Jealousy never files out of the window until indifference comes in at the door.

First Aid to the Christmas Shopper

"MY money is too hard earned to spend on foolish trifles," remarked the practical business woman. "I am purchasing all useful gifts this year."

Miss Sentiment quickly retorted, "Christmas is the one day in the year when not a speck of sadness should be left in any heart. I believe in making my friends happy on that day, and my gift is one means of doing so. Therefore, I go to considerable trouble (and I enjoy it, too) to ascertain each person's wish, and I gratify this in accordance with my means. Whether the gift is practical or foolish is no concern of mine. I am satisfying the recipient, and in so doing am giving what little joy I can to one who has the right to be happy on Christmas Day instead of disappointed and disgruntled with the world in general."

The Christmas Shopper averted an argument, and remarked, "Practical gifts often give the greatest pleasure. Especially now, when so many people are allowing themselves only necessities. Now, there's a mother, she's better worrying over the difficulty of keeping the polished floors in perfect condition. For Christmas she will get one of those new washable mops, and at the same price there are sets together with the oil box—the best the market affords, and I know she will be happy over it."

"Among the white toilet novelties I found some new pieces and several of the girls are always glad to get an addition to their toilet table. The oval-shaped frames at 25 and 30 cents make acceptable gifts. The new gifts are exceptionally unique in design and can be had at 15 and 20 cents. The nail buffers at 50 cents have a cover to protect the chamois and there are traces at 50 cents and nail brushes at 60 cents, both in novel shapes."

"Cute hats are 50 cents a pair, and at the same price there are sets together with the oil box—the best the market affords, and I know she will be happy over it."

Chapters from a Woman's Life

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER XXIX.
I last had Mrs. Lorraine paid up. As I held her receipt in my hand I made a vow never again to run in debt for clothes.

"No use crying over spilt milk," I said to myself, as I put the receipt carefully away. "But, thank God, that's paid!"

I did thank God, for now after a few small bills were paid I should be free to put away all, excepting the bare cost of living, for the home I was planning when Jack should be with me.

I was—had always been—essentially a domestic animal. I loved my husband, my children, my home. That had blundered sadly, been extravagantly wicked, did not alter the fact. And the thought of how I, alone, unaided, should be able to provide one in which I could all be together, made me very happy.

Oh, how closely I planned! I would save, save every penny until nearly time for Jack to be released, when I would rent a little place somewhere and furnish it.

A few weeks passed and I was free. The last obligation which I could handle had been met. I had once opened an account in a savings bank. I felt so happy the night after I had made my first deposit toward a home that Mrs. Catron remarked, "You're a happy wife!" I told her, then explained why.

She sympathized with me and then began talking about Ennie. "I want you to promise me that when she comes to you I may often borrow her for a few days, will you?" "Indeed I will," I replied. "And I know you will love her. She is very sweet and gentle and never gives any trouble."

After receiving my promise she would have no resting or musing, but lay looking at Ennie's picture, asking about her tastes and planning what she would do to make her happy. It was just what I needed. I was happy, with wealth and all that it could bring at her command, planning what she would do for a BORN-ROBED child!

I met Mildred Somers again one day when I was walking up the avenue. It was a lovely fall day and I thought a brisk walk would do me good. So instead of taking the car such natural sympathy in favor of the dog—she indeed is to be despised and shunned. The tendency is almost criminal in its effect. Should this dog-mad fad of women increase to the time when we might have a generation of women like this—it is too horrible to contemplate! Such women should be made to realize that they owe something to the present and future race. They should be given to understand that society at large will RECOGNIZE OF LITTLE CHILDREN.